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Miscellany.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

The following particulars relating to this poem are extracted from a letter addressed by Dr. Streat, a clergyman in the diocese of Elphin, to Mr. Mangin, and inserted by that gentleman in his entertaining book called *An Essay on Light Reading*, cannot fail to gratify that numerous class of readers with whom it has been a favourite from their earliest years.

“The poem of *The Deserted Village* took its origin from the circumstance of General Robert Napper (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the General,) having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or *Auburn*; in consequence of which, many families, here called *cottiers*, were removed to make room for the intended improvements of what was now to become the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition; and were forced ‘*with fainting steps*,’ to go in search of ‘*torrid tracts*’ and ‘*distant climes*.’

“This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind, when the following are added; viz. that the character of the village-preacher, the above-named Henry, (the brother of the poet,) is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived; and his “modest mansion” as it existed. Burn, the name of the village-master, and the site of his school-house, and *Catherine Giraghty*, a lonely widow;

The wretched matron forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;

(and to this day the brook and ditches, near the spot where her cabin stood, abound with cresses) still remain in the memory of the inhabitants, and *Catherine's* children live in the neighbourhood.

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The pool, the busy mill, the house where '*nut-brown draughts inspired*,' are still visited as the poetic scene; and the '*hawthorn-bush*' growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks is now reduced to one; the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, &c. in honour of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poem. All these contribute to the same proof; and the '*decent church*,' which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which '*tops the neighbouring hill*,' is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher.

"I should have observed, that Elizabeth Delap, who was a parishioner of mine, and died at the age of about ninety, often told me she was the first who put a book into Goldsmith's hand; by which she meant, that she taught him his letters: she was allied to him, and kept a little school."

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE RING AND THE STREAM.

A DRAMA.

SCENE.—*A Valley in the Isle of Paros.—Time—Day.*

ANDRONICUS and BASIL.

Andronicus. What hath inspired this happy change, my thought
Hath not divined, yet doth it sooth my soul,
And fall as dew upon my aching heart,
Soft'ning its rugged sorrows.—Since the hour
When the great King of Shadows mark'd the maid—
His beautiful betroth'd, and, in the pride
Of his omnipotent rivalry, he woo'd,
And won the virgin to his icy bed;—
Till latterly, he hath not smiled nor spoke,
But sat, a very emblem of despair—
A statue of the loveliest, but most sad.
Chisell'd by misery's hand—seem'd he, as were
The current of his anguish in its course
Frozen in his young bosom; but, at once,
A kindly sun-beam struck upon the ice,
Melted the stream, and gently bade it flow
Away from his rent bosom. He did smile,
And breath soft cadences of mournful airs,
In such enchanting melancholy mood,
That I did weep for very happiness,
Almost too much of joy; he spake to me
Of resignation, and of sacred bliss,
Known only to the sufferer, and of joys
Not of this coarser world; and then again
He smiled and sang—and so accordant were
That smile and song, and both so breath'd of Heaven,
That, for a moment, I did think my son
Had pass'd away from earth, and that I saw
His happy wandering spirit.

Basil. This is wild—
Dreamings of Fancy, spectre-circled power—
Who holds as strong an empire o'er thy brain

As o'er the young Leontine's. I would learn
Whence comes this wondrous change. It is not well
That I, his friend, who shared in all his grief,
Should not partake his pleasures. Pray you, strive
To win the secret from him.

Andronicus.

No!—for me,

It is enough that I no more behold
The stillness of despair.—Once more, he lives.—
To force into his secrets,—to intrude
Into his bosom's counsels, were to break
Again the slender links of that light chain
Which binds him to mortality.—Oh, no!
I cannot, and I will not pain my son
By this unhallow'd wondering.—'Tis enough
That he is mine again.—Some friendly hand
Hath pour'd perchance, soft balm upon the wound
Of his poor bleeding heart; or, kindlier Heaven
Hath, in its mercy, heal'd the bitter stripes
Its wisdom had inflicted.—He doth love,
And from his boyhood, was his soul entranced
By Nature's majesty; and now he drinks
Deeper of her intoxicating cup
Of love, and is, for his repose, become
Delirious with her beauty.—He doth roam
Nightly by hill and valley.—Near the stream
Which wanders round Marpesus' marble caves
Goes he by night, and with the silver waves,
Singing unto the pale lamp of the heaven,
He doth unite his low and mournful song;
And then, upon its bank he lieth down,
List'ning the flowers grow; and they do tell
Their secrets to his ear; for he replies,
And holds sweet converse with them.—He is now
A fair celestial thing, like those which fill
The air when it is clearest—when the gales
Come laden with ambrosial odours, brought
From flowery beds of Paradise upon
The spirits' golden wings.—Disturb him not—
He who can treasure for himself a source
Of happiness, unsought of brother man,
Is surely wise. So, in his wisdom, let
My loved Leontine rest.

Basil.

Not so, old man—

He who doth in the dungeons of his soul
His pains and pleasures thus in bondage hide,
Disdaining help and pity from mankind,
Is of mankind no longer; he hath loosed
The girdle of mortality, and stands
Without its friendly circle.—He who hath
No friends deserves them not.—Thy son hath thrown
Human compassion from him, and hath found
Peace, where man should not seek it.—Were his bliss
Thus innocent, as thou deem'st it, would it be
Veil'd from his tender father, and his friend,
By the huge marble curtains of the caves
Of high Marpesus' mountain? It is said
Thy son hath union made with that wild man
From the far distant East, who hid his crimes
From justice in those caverns. It is said,
That when some few weeks since he closed his eyes,
And yielded to the demons his dark soul,

It was on thy son's bosom, who became
 His pupil and his heir, and from his lip
 Received the secrets of another world,
 To outrage things of this.—His wanderings
 Are not alone, for he hath still been heard
 In invocation loud; but 'tis decreed
 This crime shall not endure, since we will spy
 Upon his wand'rings; and, if he have done
 That which the angels shriek at, he shall die.—
 The church, the state, alike demand his life—
 The sorcerer shall perish!—Look where comes
 Thy Leontine.—Now rend the secret from him,
 Or dread the arm of justice. [Exit.

Enter LEONTINE.

Leontine. How the day
 Lingers upon the world!—Methinks it knows
 That I would have it gone, and stays to mark
 How I will curb my spirit, and resign
 My will in silence, and by patience prove
 My worthiness of that most precious gift
 Which is my nourishment of life—my sire;
 Ah, pardon me, and on this thoughtless head
 Breathe a fond father's blessing.

Andronicus. Gentle son,
 High Heaven's should be more valued.—I did hope
 Such was thy holy thought—but there are those
 Who say, thou art at war with all of good—
 That Heaven's blessings are as things of nought,
 And gifts of darker worlds have won thy soul
 From its God-vow'd obedience.—Dearest son,
 I would not give thee pain, for I rejoice
 To see thee thus collected; but there are
 Some who, in this most wondrous sudden change,
 See much of mystery and secret sin;
 And thy lone wanderings are at length become
 The sad theme of the island.—Wilt thou not
 Tell to thy father's ear thy source of joy?
 Think'st thou *he* could betray thee?

Leontine. Oh, no, no—
 But I am not permitted—should I once
 Reveal my secret, all contentment ends,
 And I am lost again.—Oh, do not deem
 My thoughts unsanctified?—Yon sacred light,
 When first from the Eternal's hand it came
 Before its glows had kindled flames on earth,
 Or its bright eye gazed on the sins of man,
 Was not more pure than is this sinless heart.
 In those lone heavenly wanderings—they were given
 A blessing to my spirit, and from Heaven
 Alone the blessing came. Ah, doubt me not!
 It is communion with my God I hold,
 And with his cherish'd Spirits—Should I say
 My secret, it were silent—Earth nor Heaven
 Would have a voice for me—Look on this ring;
 It is the source of this dear happiness.
 Should I betray its virtues, thou wouldst gain
 Nought; but thy son would lose his all—his soul!
 It were a sin, my father; it would draw
 The hatred of all nature on my head.
 Who would not shrink from that ingratitude

To him who gave the gift, and him who deigns
To serve me with its uses! From the Man,
The holiest of thousands, I received
The wondrous gift; and from his lips I learn'd
Its virtues and its powers—he who died
In pale Marpesus' cave. Now, sire beloved,
Urge thy poor son no farther—not thy hand
Should pluck his only rose.

Andronicus. From Basil's lip,
This I but now was told—he hates thee for
The love which she—forgive me—I will not
Name her unto thee—but, thou know'st the cause,
His hateful jealousy. He hath been here,
Pouring the vials of his wrath upon
My startled head, and threat'ning me with death,
Or punishment to thee.

Leontine. Regard him not;
His wrath is mortal, and will pass away—
A shadow, as himself;—he is a foe
To all of joy or happiness, the which
He hath not soul to share;—he cannot love
That which his mind receives not. Let his wrath
Be to thee as the waves which wave around
The storm-clad Cyclades, yet dare not act
Their fierce, but idle threat'nings. Let it be
The rage of frenzy, which we hasten from,
But mourn it as we fly. The wild bull's wrath,
Which spurneth at the earth, defacing her
With wounds, which her young son, the smiling Spring,
Uplifted on the snowy wings of Time,
Heals with his soft'ning breath.—Oh! heed it not!
And for the malice of the wondering world—
That cannot harm me, while within my breast
I bear the talisman of peace. Should I
Resign the gift of that same holy man,
Marpesus, some time hermit, I should be
Once more a ruin, for the Fiend Despair
To stride above in triumph. I should be
The lone—the miserable—the living dead—
The spectre of the past. Oh, sire beloved!
When Mother Earth into her arms received
My Zoe's beauteous form, I did not deem
That even for *thy* peace—that I could live—
Now, I am reconciled; Oh open not
The deep, scarce closed wound! Thou weep'st, ah me,
Melt me not, oh my father, with thy tears!
Thou knowest, to withstand their gentle force
I have no power. I should resign my bliss,
And bow my head, and die.—

Andronicus. O pardon me!
That I have given thee pain. Again no more
Will I hold question with thee. Go in peace—
Preserve thy treasure;—mayst thou keep it still
The sun of thy sad day.—

SCENE.—*The stream near the Marble Cave.—Time—night.*

Leontine (alone). Again, again returns the blessed night,
The hour of holiness, and of repose—
To me, of triumph over death and wo:
Let me delay my joy, that I may dwell
On that which doth await me. I am here

Upon the throne of my felicity,
 Gazing upon the couch where tranquil lies
 Mine own, mine only love, awaiting calm
 The signal, and the hour, and the charm
 That brings her to my side, the immortal maid,
 Beside her mortal lover. Can this be
 Transgression! No! Would the Eternal Lord
 Permit these visits were they for my harm!—
 Yet doth he sometimes punish us by grant
 Of that which we do pray for; but the Sage,
 Who, in compassion to my anguish, gave
 This wondrous ring,—and in the sacred stream,
 Where the moon kissed it, bade me lave the gem
 And the encircling gold, had not reveal'd
 The secret in the solemn hour of death,
 Had it been sinful in the eye of Heaven!—
 In that last hour our mortal sense is clear,
 And the stern King doth with a steady hand
 Unveil the face of Truth, howe'er in life
 The form divine was hidden—he had done
 With earth and earthly things—and he was then
 About to render up a strict account
 Of his well-doings; would he then have seal'd
 The record with a sin—would he, who was
 About to hear the sentence of his fate
 From his Almighty Judge, have counsell'd me,
 Yea, hurried me to guilt, by raising up
 My buried love to my transported eye?
 Ah, no!—it is no crime! Ye Elements,
 I do attest ye; and Thou, Mightiest Mind,
 Soul of those elements, bear witness here,
 That I am free of sin! Yea, and their smiles,
 The holy stillness of this sacred spot,
 And the bright radiance of yon gazing moon,
 Do bear my bosom witness—Then once more
 To my delightful task,—pardon me, air,
 And clouds, and water, and celestial fire,
 That I do rob ye of a spirit bright,
 The fairest in your realms, and give her back
 For some short hours solely to the earth,
 Of which she is no longer.—Dearest, come!
 I am alone, no human breath shall 'file
 The air made pure for thee, for I do watch
 With zealous care the secret,—Come, O come!
 In all the beauty of this world, but shrined
 In the glory of another. See, I dip
 The Ring into the Stream, and I will sing
 The song of holiness, to charm thee back
 To this earth, and to me:

THE INVOCATION.

When we shall meet
 In bowers of bliss;
 When we shall greet
 With a holy kiss;
 When we shall look,
 With a soften'd eye,
 On the closed book
 Of the things gone bye,—

When we shall think of this short, dark night,
 As the rest that prepares for eternal light,

And look on the bed where they laid us last,
As only the grave of the weary past ;
Then shall we smile to think a tear
Should e'er have fallen on a mortal bier !

But till the beam
Of that holy day
Shall chase the dream
Of hope away :
Till Fate shall burn
With her kindling eye,
This casing urn
Of the spirit high.—

Come from thy couch of holiest dew,
Which the moon-beam shines and sparkles through,
Turning each drop to gems, which might
Circle an angel's brow of light—
To sooth, as heaven hath willed thee,
The anguish of mortality !

[A cloud rises from the water and approaches Leontine, then gradually unfolding, discovers a beautiful female figure reclining in it.]

Leontine. Beautiful spirit of mine only love,
I kiss the spot o'er which thy silver cloud,
Wreathing itself in curls of light, reclines,
And bid thee, Sweetest, welcome : Oh, the joy
To gaze upon thy face, and see thine eye
Beam once again with life ! Yet this is death !
Beautiful death ! Oh, why do mortals shrink
From thy embrace !—

The Spirit. Because encumber'd with
A load of earth, the spirit scarce can look
Beyond the senses—and that beaming hope
Which is, thou knowest, of immortal birth,
O'ermaster'd is by fear, the earth-born, who,
Is stronger in their bosoms—thou art blessed
Above mankind, for terror will not stand
By thy departing couch—for thee, the cloud
That hid the grave, is like the ponderous stone,
Roll'd from before its portals—thou hast look'd
Into the dark, and seest how much to hope,
How little is to fear ; but since we met
Thy spirit hath been tortured ; greater yet
The trial that awaits thee : when 'tis past
Thou hast no more to fear.

Leontine. So that I lose
Not thee, my sacred love, I am content
To bear all lighter sorrows. I have nought
To tell thee, dear ; for in thine absence I
Have only life to bear me silent through
The long and weary day ; then I lie down
At eve upon this bank, and watch the sun,
Or wait the rising moon, and mark the stars
Starting from out the heaven, and then I guess
In which of those bright orbs thy beauteous soul
Is wandering ; but now I pray thee, love,
Tell me from whence my charm hath summon'd thee ?
Where wast thou when the words of power broke
The laws of death's stern empire ?

(To be continued.)

SYRACUSE.

FROM LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER.

Syracuse, founded seven hundred and thirty-five years before the Christian era, by Archias, of Corinth, became one of the richest cities in the world, to such a degree, that it was said, in speaking of the employment of a large sum—"with the tenth part of the Syracusans, no more could be done." It was for a long time the real capital of Sicily; it provided succours for the other cities, and, alone, arrested the progress of the Carthaginians: having fallen into decay, Augustus restored to it a portion of its splendour, by rebuilding one of its quarters.

My curiosity at first led me towards the fountain of Arethusa, the water of which, formerly mild and clear, has been the theme of the poets; but now, on account of an earthquake, it has become brackish. This fountain has no picturesque nor regular form; encumbered with modern ruins, in place of being covered with fair and blooming nymphs, I saw only vulgar women, black and sunburnt, and soldiers in their shirts, which was far from satisfying my curiosity. You know what rank that nymph, the companion of Diana, holds in mythology. It is said that the river Alpheus, which takes its source in the Peloponnesus, came under the sea to join Arethusa in this place. The ancients believed this fact so much the more, as a vase, fallen at Olympus into the Alpheus, had reappeared at Syracuse. As for the rest, this fountain is very far from furnishing so great a quantity of water as that of Nismes. From thence I went to the temple of Minerva, the cathedral of which has been made by wedging in the pillars into the lateral walls; they are much smaller at the top than at the bottom, where their diameter is nearly six feet; the chapter appears Ionic; each is composed of two or three enormous stones, notched into twenty flutings; the substance of it is sufficiently hard, and was taken from the environs of the city; it is called Syracusan stone. The pillars, to the number of forty, are elevated by twenty-seven feet, and the cornices by six. La Cella has fourteen pillars on each side. The temple is sixty feet wide and one hundred and forty long; it produces an effect nearly similar to that of Neptune at Pæstum, which, however, has two columns more on each side.

My *ciceroni* wishing, he said, to show me what he had not shown to other travellers, pointed out two pillars still standing of the temple of Diana, formerly the finest of Syracuse; I did not take the dimensions of the two chapters which exist in the larder of a private house, they are enormous and very similar. I was assured, that notched as I saw them in the remainder of the wall, they might be taken for the rock itself, and that the

master of the house, wishing to make a reservoir for water, on digging them, was quite surprised to find the joint of the shaft.

The present city of Syracuse possesses nothing curious, if we except by all means its fortifications, which, joined to its excellent situation, renders it a very strong fortified town. At one side of the city is the great port, which is a mile broad at its mouth, and five or six in circumference. It was on the opposite bank that the famous battle took place between the Syracusans and the Athenians, commanded by Nicias and Demosthenes; on the other side is the small port where Archimedes burned the Roman gallies, carried them away and broke them on the rock: the place is still shown where these machines were found. Near to the city is a marble pillar, nearly twelve feet in circumference, and the pedestals dug out with some others, at equally proper distances; it is the site of the ancient forum of Neapolis, for the city of Syracuse was composed of four others: viz.

Ortygia, in the peninsula.

Neapolis, at the bottom of the hill, and near the great port.

Tica, on the hill.

Acradina, at the bottom of the hill, and near the small port.

According to Strabo it comprised a fifth, viz. Epipoloe.

The whole, it is said, were twenty-one miles in circumference, and contained 1,500,000 inhabitants. We coasted along that part of Neapolis which looks to the sea, and entered Tica, constantly walking on a sharp rock. I saw some remains of tombs, but none possessed any remarkable form. The traces of ancient streets fixed my attention; they were neither wide, nor straight, nor well cut. It appeared to me, during the whole of my journey, that even at Rome, with the exception of the consular routes, or those necessary for the march of the armies, the ancients neglected this interesting part. I then went towards the ancient fort which commands the four cities, and followed an aqueduct dug in the rock, which is two feet wide and nearly five in height.

Those heaps of vast cubic stones over which we walked, are the remains of walls; they were seven or eight feet wide, and built without cement, like those of Pæstum.

In fine, we entered the interior of the grand fort of Syracuse. This vast subterraneous place, which communicates with Ortygia, was dug by Denis; it is of a fine construction, and cavalry four a-breast may easily pass through it.

The fortress is a long, square building, terminating on one side by four enormous massive stones, nine feet in width, fifteen in length, and twenty in height; they leave between them a space of eight feet, from which the warlike machines, the balistas, &c. were discharged. I was surprised to see the whole of the apertures directed in the same way, which seemed to prove,

by the distance of the walls from the fort, that the projectiles went much further than we could imagine. By carefully carrying away the rubbish which fill the intervening places, perhaps some remains might be found of the machines of Archimedes.

Being seated on the fort, and regarding the sea I had on my right the large port, Ortygia, and the small port; and on my left a port where the fleet of Marcellus lay at anchor at the time of the siege.

On the slope of the hill, about two or three hundred paces from the fort, is a great wall which Denis constructed in forty days; a work which will surprise us at first, unless we consider that there were no difficulty in the transport, the matter being found on the soil itself. On turning round I perceived Mount Hybla-major, famous for its honey; it supplies the waters of the city; and Mount Hybla-minor, smaller, but nearer to the eye. In the time of Augustus the town of Hybla had already been destroyed; it was founded by the Dorians. I was afterward conducted towards a rock, the form of which seemed to indicate an ancient fort. I found there some men working at a kind of telegraph; they showed me a very curious excavation: viz. a real bottle dug into the rock; its neck was almost three feet in width, but I fear not asserting that its greatest diameter is at least twelve feet, and its depth eighteen. It is generally conceived to have been a reservoir of water, and that a fort was built on the rock.

At the foot of the hill, between the two forts, is a small village, the inhabitants of which seem truly happy. I breakfasted with a peasant, who gave me the best reception which I had yet had in Sicily. I don't mean to say, however, that I have cause to complain of the Sicilians. After the first surprise which my quality of Frenchman caused them, I found them always honest, and even obliging; and these people not having seen any Frenchmen for a long time, have only the idea which our friends, the English, have left respecting us; they are almost astonished to see us with human forms.

We descended the opposite side of the hill, by the extremity of Neapolis, in coasting along a second aqueduct, (dug also in the rock) which conducted the water into that part of the city. Until this place the whole mountain seemed to me a volcanic swelling, and soon after I found at the foot of it some stones really volcanic, and two black apertures, from whence they had probably issued. These caverns are not more extraordinary than those of Fez, in Africa, which throw out smoke, and sometimes flames; but it is surprising to see here neither ashes nor lava.

I arrived, by a better road, across a wood of thinly-planted olives, at a theatre dug in the rock; it is vast and of a very pic-

turesque effect. A mill, trees, and reeds occupy the middle of it. Its upper diameter is 444 spans; the steps are eighteen inches high, and over two of them, larger than the others, is a Greek inscription, indicating the divinities to whom it was dedicated. Above the theatre is the mouth of the first aqueduct, which I have before mentioned; the water escapes from it and falls into a cavern of a very singular form. Under the latter is the aperture of another canal, which, I was told, was to receive the waters of the first, in the event of the enemy having destroyed it. I cannot conceive why it was then dug immediately under the other; I think it was for quite another purpose.

About fifty paces from the cavern is a space, fifteen feet wide, and the same in height, dug in the rock, and which is prolonged to a distance. Do not imagine, however, that this has been a subterraneous place; its upper extremity is on a level with the soil.

It is called the Street of the Tombs. On both sides are square doors, which lead into chambers carelessly dug, each of which contains the remains of two, three, and often four individuals; some, however, contain only one: the third on the left for instance, which is said to be that of Archimedes; but there no longer remains any thing in these asylums where we might have hoped for peace; cupidity has destroyed all, nothing is to be seen but the place where the marble inscriptions were found. In vain would you seek for that sphere inscribed in a cylinder, which Cicero saw at the entrance of the greatest tomb of the Syracusans.

In returning towards Syracuse along the theatre, you arrive on the steep banks of a vast excavation, the bottom of which, covered with trees, resembles a real garden; it is the quarry from whence the pillars of the temple of Minerva, and probably the materials of a great part of Syracuse were taken. In the middle, on a kind of tower or pyramid, contrived in the rock, are the remains of a small monument, where sat the guard of the prisons established in this place. These quarries are immense, and, in some parts, the capacity of the vaults is frightful by its extent. In the time of Dionysius, the tyrant, an infinite number of prisoners passed their lives in this sad abode, and even multiplied their species.

You have read of the famous ear of Dionysius, which is in this same excavation. I know not why this name has been given to an excavation, which has truly the form of an ass's ear. Dionysius was first a king of Syracuse, and afterwards a professor and schoolmaster at Corinth; so that when he could no longer tyrannize over men, he was determined to do it over children. The interior is a corridor turning to the right to return afterwards to the left, and which suddenly stops, as if it had not

been finished. It is 252 feet long, eighteen in width at the entrance, and thirty at the middle. The height is eighty feet, and the vault becoming narrower at the top, carried the sounds into a small square room, where Dionysius placed himself to hear the conversation of the prisoners. You mount into this chamber in a basket, to which a rope is attached. The acoustic properties of this cavern induced me to carry away some powder, which I enclosed in a piece of paper, squeezed it hard, and having set fire to it, it caused a detonation, a frightful rolling in the vaults. You see along the walls the chains preserved in the rock itself, with which they bound the prisoners.

This vast quarry, or garden, is really very curious; it is called *Latomia*, and is covered with lemon, orange, pomegranate, and olive trees, which prove how much the climate is favourable to vegetation; often deprived of the sun, they would soon perish in any other country. Were I to choose a hermitage it would certainly be *Latomia*.

I perceive that my ramble in the environs of Syracuse has become very long; but you have not, like me, a burning rock under your feet, and the sun almost perpendicular over your head; you will see there still a *piscina* dug in the rock, and a Roman amphitheatre constructed on the occasion of a voyage of Nero in Sicily; it is nearly in ruins.

This letter will reach you *via* Naples. I confide it to the captain of a small vessel, who sets out for that city.

Adieu.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.

(Continued from page 335.)

This then, let me repeat, I postulate—that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Whether, indeed, afterwards I might not have succeeded in breaking off the habit, even when it seemed to me that all efforts would be unavailing, and whether many of the innumerable efforts which I *did* make might not have been carried much further, and my gradual reconquests of ground lost might not have been followed up much more energetically—these are questions which I must decline. Perhaps I might make out a case of palliation; but shall I speak ingenuously? I confess it, as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an Eudæmonist: I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others: I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness: and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit. On some other matters, I can

agree with the gentlemen in the cotton-trade* at Manchester in affecting the Stoic philosophy: but not in this. Here I take the liberty of an Eclectic philosopher, and I look out for some courteous and considerate sect that will condescend more to the infirm condition of an opium-eater; that are 'sweet men,' as Chaucer says, 'to give absolution,' and will show some conscience in the penances they inflict, and the efforts of abstinence they exact, from poor sinners like myself. An inhuman moralist I can no more endure in my nervous state than opium that has not been boiled. At any rate, he, who summons me to send out a large freight of self-denial and mortification upon any cruising voyage of moral improvement, must make it clear to my understanding that the concern is a hopeful one. At my time of life (six and thirty years of age) it cannot be supposed that I have much energy to spare: in fact, I find it all little enough for the intellectual labours I have on my hands: and, therefore, let no man expect to frighten me by a few hard words into embarking any part of it upon desperate adventures of morality.

Whether desperate or not, however, the issue of the struggle in 1813 was what I have mentioned; and from this date, the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater, of whom to ask whether on any particular day he had or had not taken opium, would be to ask whether his lungs had performed respiration, or the heart fulfilled its functions.—You understand now, reader, what I am: and you are by this time aware, that no old gentleman, "with a snow-white beard," will have any chance of persuading me to surrender "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug." No: I give notice to all, whether moralists or surgeons, that whatever be their pretensions and skill in their respective lines of practice, they must not hope for any countenance from me, if they think to begin by any savage proposition for a Lent or Ramadan of abstinence from opium. This then being all fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind. Now then, reader, from 1813, where all this time we have been sitting down and loitering—rise up, if you please, and walk forward about three years more. Now draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character.

If any man, poor or rich, were to say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why, and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out—Hear him! Hear him!—As to the happiest day, that must be very difficult for any

* A handsome news-room, of which I was very politely made free in passing through Manchester by several gentlemen of that place, is called, I think, *The Porch*; whence I, who am a stranger in Manchester, inferred that the subscribers meant to profess themselves followers of Zeno. But I have been since assured that this is a mistake.

wise man to name: because any event, that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of his life, or be entitled to have shed a special felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character, as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, it may be allowed to any man to point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in my case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers), set as it were, and insulated, in the gloom and cloudy melancholy of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from 320 grains of opium (i. e. eight* thousand drops of laudanum) per day, to forty grains, or one-eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day (*νυχθημερον*); passed off with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring tide—

That moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Now, then, I was again happy: I now took only 1000 drops of laudanum per day: and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth: my brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before: I read Kant again; and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me: and if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else was wanting to a wise man's happiness,—of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a golden cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to

* I here reckon twenty-five drops of laudanum as equivalent to one grain of opium, which, I believe, is the common estimate. However, as both may be considered variable quantities (the crude opium varying much in strength, and the tincture still more), I suppose that no infinitesimal accuracy can be had in such a calculation. Tea spoons vary as much in size as opium in strength. Small ones hold about 100 drops: so that 8000 drops are about eighty times a tea spoonful. The reader sees how much I kept within Dr. Buchan's indulgent allowance.

transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture: but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little: and, as it turned out, that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down; but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera House, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, the Greek, in point of longitude, came

geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar: and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the schoolboy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses: and I felt some alarm for the poor creature: but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it:—he took his leave: and for some days I felt anxious: but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used* to opium: and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

(To be continued.)

Biography.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(Continued from p. 342.)

A vacancy had now occurred on the bench at Fort William in Bengal; and Jones was regarded by his brethren at the bar as the fittest person to occupy that station. The patronage of the minister, however, was requisite to this office; and the violent

* This, however, is not a necessary conclusion: the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite. A London Magistrate (Harriott's *Struggles through Life*, vol. iii. p. 391, Third Edition,) has recorded that, on the first occasion of his trying laudanum for the gout, he took *forty* drops, the next night *sixty*, and on the fifth night *eighty*, without any effect whatever: and this at an advanced age. I have an anecdote from a country surgeon, however, which sinks Mr. Harriott's case into a trifle; and in my projected medical treatise on opium, which I will publish, provided the College of Surgeons will pay me for enlightening their benighted understandings upon this subject, I will relate it: but it is far too good a story to be published gratis.

measures which government had lately adopted, with respect to the American colonies, were far from being such as accorded with his notions of freedom and justice. He was resolved that no consideration should induce him to surrender the independence of his judgment on this, or any other national topic. "If the minister," says he, in one of his letters to his pupil, Lord Althorpe, "be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak of public affairs, and on that account, shall refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence without a debt, or a care of any kind." His patriotic feelings displayed themselves in a Latin Ode to Liberty, published in March, 1780, under the title of *Julii Melesigoni ad Libertatem*, an assumed name, formed by an anagram of his own in Latin.

The resignation of Sir Robert Newdigate, one of the members returned to Parliament for the University of Oxford, in the meantime, induced several members of that learned body, who were friendly to Jones, to turn their eyes towards him as their future representative. The choice of a candidate undistinguished by birth or riches, and recommended solely by his integrity, talents, and learning, would have reflected the highest honour on his constituents; but many being found to be disinclined to his interest, it was thought more prudent to relinquish the canvass. He published in July a small pamphlet, entitled, an Enquiry into the Legal Mode of suppressing Riots, with a constitutional Plan of future Defence. The insurrection which had for some days disgraced the British metropolis, at the beginning of June, suggested the publication of this tract. In the autumn of this year he made a journey to Paris, as he had done the preceding summer. During a fortnight's residence in that capital, he attended some causes at the Palais; obtained access to a fine manuscript in the royal library, which opened to him a nearer insight into the manners of the ancient Arabians; and mingled in the society of as many of the American leaders as he could fall in with, purposing to collect materials for a future history of their unhappy contest with the mother country. In the midst of this keen pursuit of professional and literary eminence he had the misfortune to lose his mother, who had lived long enough to see her tenderness and assiduity in the conduct of his education amply rewarded.

An Essay on the Law of Bailments, and the translation of an Arabian Poem on the Mohammedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates, to the latter of which undertakings he was incited by his views of preferment in the east, testified his industry in the pursuit of his legal studies; while on the other hand, several short poems evinced, from time to time, his

intended relinquishment of the tuneful art to be either impractical or unnecessary.

In the summer of 1782, the interests of one of his clients led him again to Paris, from whence he returned by the circuitous route of Normandy, and the United Provinces. In the spring of this year he had become a member of the Society for Constitutional Information. A more equal representation of the people in parliament was at this time the subject of general discussion, and he did not fail to stand forward as the strenuous champion of a measure which seemed likely to infuse new spirit and vigour into our constitutional liberties. His sentiments were publicly professed in a speech before the meeting assembled at the London Tavern, on the 28th of May; and he afterwards gave a wider currency to them from the press. He maintained that the representation ought to be nearly equal and universal; an opinion in which few would now be found to coincide; and which, if he had lived a little longer, he would probably himself have acknowledged to be erroneous. At Paris, he had written a Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government, and it was published by the society. A bill of indictment was found against the Dean of St. Asaph, whose sister he afterwards married, for an edition printed in Wales; and Jones avowed himself the author.

In the beginning of 1783, appeared his translation of the seven Arabian poems, suspended in the temple at Mecca about the commencement of the sixth century.

In the March of this year, he was gratified by the long desired appointment to the office of judge in the supreme court of judicature, at Fort William, in Bengal, which was obtained for him through the interest of Lord Ashburton; and he received the honour of knighthood usually conferred on that occasion. The divisions among his political friends after the decease of that excellent nobleman, the Marquis of Rockingham, afforded him an additional motive for wishing to be employed at a distance from his country, which he no longer hoped to see benefited by their exertions. He was immediately afterwards united to Anna Maria Shipley, the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, a learned and liberal prelate. His attachment to this lady had been of long continuance, and he had been waiting only for an honourable independence before he could resolve to join the fortunes of one so tenderly beloved to his own.

Sir William Jones embarked for the east in April, 1783. It is impossible not to sympathise with the feelings of a scholar about to visit places over which his studies had thrown the charm of a mysterious interest; to explore treasures that had rested as yet in darkness to European eyes; and to approach

the imagined cradle of human science and art. During his voyage he made the following memoranda of objects for his inquiry, and of works to be begun or executed during his residence in Asia.

1. "The Laws of the Hindus and Mahommedans."
2. "The History of the Ancient World."
3. "Proofs and Illustrations of Scripture."
4. "Traditions concerning the Deluge, &c."
5. "Modern Politics, and Geography of Hindustan."
6. "Best Mode of Governing Bengal."
7. "Arithmetic and Geometry, and Mixed Sciences of the Asiatics."
8. "Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, and Anatomy, of the Indians."
9. "Natural Productions of India."
10. "Poetry, Rhetoric, and Morality of Asia."
11. "Music of the Eastern Nations."
12. "The Shi-King, or 300 Chinese Odes."
13. "The best Accounts of Thibet and Cashmir."
14. "Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Commerce of India."
15. "Mogul Constitution contained in the Defteri Alemghiri, and Ayein Acbari."
16. "Mahratta Constitution."

To print and publish the "Gospel of St. Luke," in Arabic.

To publish "Law Tracts," in Persian or Arabic.

To print and publish the "Psalms of David," in Persian verse.

To compose, if God grant me life,

1. "Elements of the Laws of England." Model—the Essay on Bailment. Aristotle.
2. "The History of the American war." Model—Thucydides and Polybius.
3. "Britain Discovered, an Heroic Poem on the Constitution of England." Machinery—Hindu Gods. Model—Homer.
4. "Speeches, Political and Forensic." Model—Demosthenes.
5. "Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical." Model—Plato.
6. "Letters." Model—Demosthenes and Plato.

In the course of the voyage the vessel touched at Madeira; and in ten weeks after quitting Cape Verd Islands arrived at that of Hinzuan or Joanna, of which he has left a very lively and pleasing description.

In September he landed at Calcutta; and before the conclu-

sion of the year, entered on the performance of his judicial function, and delivered his first charge to the grand jury, on the opening of the sessions. This address was such as not to disappoint the high expectations that had been formed of him before his arrival.

It was evident that the leisure, or perhaps even the undivided attention and labour of no one man, could have sufficed for prosecuting researches so extensive and arduous as those he had marked out for himself. The association of others in this design was the obvious method of remedying the difficulty. At his suggestion, accordingly, an institution was, in January, 1784, framed as closely as possible on the model of the Royal Society in London; and the presidency was offered to Mr. Hastings, then governor-general in India, who not only was a liberal encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature, but had made himself a proficient in the former of these languages at a time when its importance had not been duly appreciated; and was familiarly versed in the common dialects of Bengal. That gentleman, however, declining the honour, and recommending that it should be conferred on the proposer of the scheme, he was consequently elected president. The names of Chambers, Gladwyn, Hamilton, and Wilkins, among others, evince that it was not difficult for him to find coadjutors. How well the institution has answered the ends for which it was formed the public has seen in the Asiatic Researches.

(To be continued.)

Variety.

An epitaph upon Goldsmith, composed by Johnson in Greek, deserves notice, as it shows how strongly his mind was impressed by that poet's abilities.

Τον τάφον εἰσοράας τὸν Οὐλίβαριον, κοινὴν
 Ἀφροσι μὴ σεμνὴν, ξεῖνε, ποδὲσσι πατεῖ·
 Οἷσι μεμνηλε φύσις, μετρῶν χάρις, ἐργὰ παλαιῶν,
 Κλαίετε ποιητὴν, ἱστορικόν, φυσικόν.

“Thou beholdest the tomb of Oliver; press not, O stranger, with the foot of folly, the venerable dust. Ye who care for nature, for the charms of song, for the deeds of ancient days, weep for the Historian, the Naturalist, the Poet.”

The following is a note appended to an article in Blackwood's last number, written by Mr. Coleridge: “In biography, (which, by the *bi*, reminds me of a rejoinder made to me, nigh 30 years ago, by Parsons the bookseller, on my objecting to sundry anecdotes in a MS. Life, that did more credit to the wit and in-

vention of the author, than to his honesty and veracity. ‘*In a professed biography, Mr. P.*’ quoth I, pleadingly, and somewhat syllabically.—‘Biography, sir,’ interrupted he, ‘*Sellography* is what I want.’”

The influence of religious feelings upon the humblest minds, and the need of the external consolations of religion to them in their afflictions, is affectingly exhibited in an anecdote related by Mr. Howison in his *Sketches of Upper Canada*.

“One evening, as I strolled along the beach of the lake, in front of Niagara, a woman, whom I had observed at some distance, approached, and, after several low courtesies, requested me to follow her; and, as she seemed to be in deep affliction, I immediately complied, without asking an explanation. She conducted me to a kind of cave, under a high sandbank, the mouth of which was barricadoed with a chest of drawers, several trunks, &c. A mattress occupied the floor of this wild abode, and two children played gaily with one another upon it, the one attempting to beat his merry companion with an old pillow, and raising shouts of laughter and delight every time he succeeded in giving him a blow. The mother, who continued to shed tears, told me, that she and her family were Irish emigrants. They had been induced, by a series of misfortunes, to set sail for Canada, with the intention of obtaining land, and had, after many difficulties, got thus far in their voyage; but, being now destitute of money, they were unable to procure a lodging, and knew not where to apply for work, assistance, or information. “A husband and these two boys,” said the woman, “are all that now remain to me. My little girl died in the ship, and they threw her into the sea. Aye, sure, that was the worst of all,” continued she, in an agony of grief. “Poor babe! she had neither prayers nor a wake!”

LITERARY FERTILITY.

In Weber’s *Northern Antiquities*, we find the following instance of literary application, which, taking all circumstances into consideration, is perhaps without parallel.

Hans Sacks was born in Nuremburg, in the year 1494: he was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and acquired a bare rudimental education, reading and writing; but being instructed by the master-singers of those days in the praiseworthy art of poetry, he at fourteen began the practice, and continued to make verses and shoes, and plays and pumps, boots and books, until the seventy-seventh year of his age: at this time he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his own narrative, that his works filled thirty folio volumes! all written with his own hand; and consisted of four thousand two hundred mastership songs, two hundred and eight comedies,

tragedies, and farces (some of which extended to seven acts); one thousand seven hundred fables, tales and miscellaneous poems; and seventy-three devotional, military, and love songs: making a sum total of six thousand and forty-eight pieces, great and small: out of these we are informed he culled as many as filled three massy folios, which were published in the years 1558-61: and another edition being called for, he increased this to six volumes folio, by an abridgment from his other works.

None but Lope de Vega exceeded him in the quantity of his rythmical productions.

Literature.

German Translations.—The Germans are not only great original writers, but great translators also. Among the works which have recently appeared in a German dress, are many of the latest and most popular books of travels; among these may be enumerated, Dodwell's Classical Tour in Greece, Hughes's interesting work on that country and Sicily, and Kinneir's Travels through Asia Minor. Anastasius has also been translated by Lindau, who has familiarized his countrymen with many of the celebrated Scotch Novels. Translations of the following works have also appeared of late in Germany, viz. Luccock on Wool, Busby's History of Music, Greenough on Geology, and Malthus and Say's publications relative to the Depression of Commerce.

Thorvaldsen is about to execute, at Cracow, a monument of the young Count Potocki, who fell in battle, at the age of 26. The youthful Hero affords a fine subject for sculpture; as he was a perfect model of manly beauty at the period of its complete development. The artist finished the model for the statue in the short space of five days. He has now nearly completed his exquisite statue of Jason, after an interval of ten years from its commencement; and also another of his masterpieces, the Mercury, intended for the Princess Esterhazy. One of his most recent productions is the bust of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, which, independently of its merits as a work of art, worthy the chisel of this admirable sculptor, is interesting for the extreme resemblance it possesses to the original.

Russia.—Mittau, the capital of the province of Courland, is distinguishing itself by the progress it is making both in literature and the arts. There are there now several important private collections of paintings; and the Literary Society and Museum established about four years ago, are at present in a very flourishing condition. The members of the former have pro-

duced several interesting scientific papers; while the latter contains a valuable collection of curiosities in natural history, antiquities, paintings, &c. Much too has of late been done, and is now doing, for the general embellishment of the city: the Emperor Alexander has assigned the sum of 80,000 roubles to be expended on the market, where all the old and mean shops which choked up and disfigured the area are pulled down, and a large basin is constructed in the centre, into which a subterraneous canal discharges itself. In consequence of a regulation, which in England would be considered somewhat arbitrary, although it prudently restrains the bad taste of individuals, the façade of every new building throughout the province must be erected according to some design, which the proprietor is permitted to select from an extensive collection deposited for that purpose with the magistrates of each place. Owing to this, Mittau now exhibits a variety of elegant buildings which have been erected within the last three years: some of these have the appearance of palaces. Indeed, this city promises to become one of the finest in the north of Europe. In other parts of the province also, many very fine palaces and seats belonging to the nobility have been erected.

Sir George Naylor's history of the Coronation will be the only work of that kind since 1687, when Sandford, Lancaster Herald, published his account of the Coronation of James II. The prospectus announces it in five parts (the first in June next,) and with above 70 plates, including portraits of the king and many noblemen, delineations of the most imposing ceremonies, &c. &c. The price is 25 guineas.

Among works preparing for publication in England we observe, *Specimens of the American Poets: with Biographical and Critical Notices, and a Preface.* In one vol. 8vo.

Among works lately published are, *Memoirs of a Life chiefly spent in Pennsylvania.*

New editions of Mr. Brown's American tales, *Wieland* and *Ormond*, are prepared for publication.

The works of John Home, Esq. with an account of his life and writings, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. will soon appear.

Poetry.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

"Come! look at this plant, with its narrow pale leaves,
And its tall, slim, delicate stem,
Thinly studded with flowers—yes, with flowers—there they are,
Don't you see, at each joint there's a little brown star?
But in truth, there's no beauty in them."

So, you ask, why I keep it, the little mean thing!
 Why I stick it up here just in sight?
 'Tis a fancy of mine."—"A strange fancy!" you say,
 "No accounting for tastes—In *this* instance you may,
 For the flower—but I'll tell you to-night.

"Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon
 Looks down on that bastion'd wall,
 When the twinkling stars dance silently
 On the rippling surface of the sea,
 And the heavy night dews fall.

"Then meet me again in this casement niche,
 On the spot where we're standing now,
 Nay, question not wherefore—perhaps with me
 To look out on the night, and the bright broad sea,
 And to hear its majestic flow."

* * * * *

"Well, we're met here again; and the moonlight sleeps
 On the sea and the bastion'd wall;
 And the flowers there below—how the night wind brings
 Their delicious breath on its dewy wings!"

"But there's one," say you, "sweeter than all!"

"Which is it? the myrtle or jessamine,
 Or their sovereign lady, the rose?
 Or the heliotrope, or the virgin's bower?
 What! neither!"—"Oh no, 'tis some other flower,
 Far sweeter than either of those."

"Far sweeter! and where, think you, groweth the plant
 That exaleth such perfume rare?"

"Look about, up and down, but take care, or you'll break
 With your elbow that poor little thing that's so weak."—

"Why, 'tis *that* smells so sweet, I declare!"

"Ah ha! is it *that*?—have you found out now
 Why I cherish that odd little fright?
All is not gold that glitters, you know;
 And it is not all worth makes the greatest show,
 In the glare of the strongest light.

"There are human flowers, full many, I trow,
 As unlovely as that by your side,
 That a common observer passeth by,
 With a scornful lip, and a careless eye,
 In the hey-day of pleasure and pride.

"But move one of those to some quiet spot,
 From the mid-day sun's broad glare,
 Where domestic peace broods with dove-like wing,
 And try if the homely, despised thing,
 May not yield sweet fragrance there.

"Or wait till the days of trial come,
 The dark days of trouble and wo,
 When *they* shrink and shut up, late so bright in the sun;
 Then turn to the little despised one,
 And see if 'twill serve you so.

"And judge not again at a single glance,
 Nor pass sentence hastily.
 There are many good things in this world of ours;
 Many sweet things, and rare—weeds that prove precious flowers,
 Little dreamt of by you or me."